

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?—By Briggs

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The News Scimitar

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SHOULD HE GO?

The New York World regards the story that President Wilson is considering attending the peace conference as a feeler sent out to determine the attitude of the country, and proceeds forthwith to say that the president's place is in Washington, and that there is nothing he could do at the conference that he could not accomplish as well from Washington. The World is devoted to the nation-old precedent forbidding the chief executive from leaving the shores of the country.

There are more questions to be considered than mere precedent in the issues to be determined at the peace conference. In recent years we have come to regard no piece of news as interesting unless it smashed one or more revered precedents.

Whatever else President Wilson may accomplish he will forever stand in history as the president that led the country into war, and led it to victory. No achievement can compare with what he has done, and the farther away we get from the actualities the bigger it will appear.

If President Wilson wishes to attend the conference there is no reason why he should not do so. It would be a fitting climax for him to preside over the deliberations of the council, and there is no doubt that his presence would lend a profound wisdom and his personality a determining influence that could not be transmitted over the cables.

OVERSIGHT OR INDIFFERENCE?

The only discretionary authority permitted the Germans in the terms of the armistice was the manner in which the allied prisoners should be returned to their lines. In every other respect the armistice terms were stringent enough, especially those relating to military details, and in matters insuring the future supremacy of the allies and the continued impotency of the Germans.

Some graphic accounts of the return of American, French and British prisoners are appearing in the papers. It seems that under the terms the Germans were permitted to let down the bars, and the allied prisoners were left to their own resources in finding their way back.

Many of the prisoners were wounded, others were ill and all were emaciated and mistreated. Many of them walked 40 to 75 miles through the mud and cold, with no food except what they could pick up on the roadside, and no clothing except the rags and tatters and wooden shoes the Germans left them.

It was either an amazing bit of oversight or an alarming instance of indifference that caused the allied command not to require that the Germans provide transportation and food for the prisoners, and deliver them into the lines.

Some of the prisoners have been in mines and munition works for three and four years. Repeated representations have been made to Germany concerning the treatment of prisoners without results, and it is particularly unfortunate that the nations that could not compel humane treatment during the years of the war should have been indifferent to the fate of the prisoners at the end of the war.

SEND THEM HOME

An improvement upon the plan announced by the government for mustering out returning troops would be to direct them to their local registration boards, from which they would receive their discharges.

The government's idea is to return the units to some central point to be mustered out. If this plan is carried out some of the men are likely to be turned loose at remote points. The disposition in many cases will be to try new and for the time being attractive enterprises with which they have no familiarity, and in a majority of cases the men will find themselves entirely unsuited for the unaccustomed duties.

Unrest and discontent are likely to ensue, which will be bad for the men and for industry. If the men are taken back to the initial point and released in a familiar stamping ground, among friends and familiar faces, they will engender very little dissatisfaction in finding their accustomed niches. They will fall into their places naturally and without interruption in the transformation into civilian life.

Men loosed far from their familiar haunts are likely to have cause to complain that their sacrifice has been unavailing, so far as appreciation is concerned. After all, the personal element will enter into consideration after the war, as it did before, and the man with a reputation for honesty and industry will experience no difficulty in establishing himself among those who know him best. It is not necessary to add that each community is anxious to have in its midst again the men it gave to the country.

KING GEORGE

While monarchies and dynasties are crashing and tumbling all around him, King George of England sits serenely an interested spectator. Amid such chaos no one could blame him for feeling now and then to see if his crown is on straight, because no one can tell what a day may bring forth, and no one can tell what is coming until it arrives. King George is safe. Englishmen are satisfied with their form of government, and while they do not hesitate to tear down when necessary, as they did under Cromwell, the crown furnishes them security for life and property, and it is a British institution which must not perish. There are intransigents in England, as elsewhere, who would have a change for the mere sake of change; but the solid body of the people realize that their government is a democracy, and under it they have as much liberty as if they elected a new head every four years, instead of permitting an hereditary figurehead to rule over them, nominally. Their king has no power, constructive or destructive. He can neither do nor undo anything. The premier is the ostensible head of the government, but the parliament, the popular branch of which is elected by the people, is the real ruler of the empire. The house of lords, the hereditary branch, has had its powers restricted, and it exists now during good behavior, so to speak. There is a good enough democracy under the English monarchy to suit everyone, and the English people will be almost sure to let well enough alone, and preserve their ancient institution. No matter what other kings and dynasties fall, King George is safe.

William's boasts sound, as we recall them, like those of a Republican candidate for congress from Mississippi.

Now it is Count Hohenzollern, but he doesn't count for much.

DEAR MR. BRIGGS—

NOT THAT YOU ARE IN NEED OF IDEAS FOR "AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'" BUT WE GIRLS WOULD JUST LOVE TO HAVE YOU PRINT THIS ONE—

(Then comes the idea)

VERY TRULY YOURS
VIVIAN D. B.Dear Vivian—
all right. I'll do what I can to help!

-B-

AND AT NIGHT YOU HAVE PERFECTLY

AWFUL

MENTAL

PICTURES OF

HIM LYING

ON THE

BATTLE

FIELD

WHEN YOU HAVE A SWEETHEART IN FRANCE AND YOU'RE WEAPONALLY WRITTEN TO HIM FOR MONTHS



"AND YOU GAZE FOR HOURS AT HIS PICTURE AND YOU CONTINUE WEAPONALLY AND YOUR NOSE GETS ALL RED 'NEVERTHING"



-AND THEN ONE DAY YOU GET A LETTER FROM HIM SAYING-

"I WILL BE ON MY WAY HOME BY THE TIME THIS REACHES YOU-- WRITE NO MORE ETC. ETC."



OH-H-H-H GIRLS!

AIN'T IT A GRR-R-RAND

AND GRR-R-RIOUS

FEELIN'?

TA TATA

VIA

BRIGGS

+ VIVIAN

DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST DEFECT?

Do you ever sit down calmly and quietly and try to find out what is the greatest defect in your character? No! It hurts our vanity too badly when we try to dissect our own weakness, so we lay the blame of our failures and our unhappiness on luck, on social conditions, on other people, and let it go at that.

Yet if we knew what was our greatest defect we would have diagnosed our case and found what ailed us, and at least have a chance to cure it, so it is really worth while to investigate the subject.

Perhaps your greatest defect is laziness. You have never admitted that to yourself, but you have got that stolid, tired feeling that makes you loaf and invite your soul instead of rolling up your sleeves and tackling a job as if you meant business. You are never quite on time in the morning, and you work with one eye on the clock, and are the first to leave in the evening.

You never do one lick more of labor than you are paid for. You never really put your back into your task. You never have any interest in what you are doing or any enthusiasm over it, and you wonder why it is that you never succeed when the reason for your failure is as plain as a pike staff. It is because you are lazy and listless.

Perhaps your greatest defect is lack of grit and staying power. You are a poor, miserable quitter. As soon as you strike the hard side of anything, it takes endurance and courage to pull through, you throw up your hands and give up.

You have tried half a dozen different professions into which you entered with high hopes and enthusiasm. You were sure you had found just the thing that suited you at last, and you were sure to win fame and fortune.

You have tried half a dozen different professions into which you entered with high hopes and enthusiasm. You were sure you had found just the thing that suited you at last, and you were sure to win fame and fortune.

You have never gotten anywhere in life. You have stood still and have seen hundreds of people, with a tenth of your natural ability pass you in the race, and you don't understand it, yet there would be no mystery in it to you if you would face the fact that the reason you have failed is because you have a spinal column about the size and firmness of a silk thread.

Perhaps your greatest defect is being a waster. You spend money as if it grew on trees instead of being coined out of a man's very life blood. You have never looked out for the future, but let each day take care of itself. The pennies have slipped through your loose fingers, as if they were so much water.

Opportunity has come your way, but one big chance nearly couldn't take advantage of the opportunity you had to go into business for yourself because you didn't have the money to swing it.

You couldn't take advantage of the chance you had to make a neat little turn in a speculation, in which you would have been let in on the ground floor by a friend, because you didn't have any money to put into it.

You haven't had a chance to even get a better job because you didn't have enough money saved to risk being out of employment for a few months. You can't even take the rest you need when you are sick because you haven't the price.

Yet you always have been a good money maker, and you are headed for the poorhouse or dependence on your children in your old age because you've always been a waster. All that has stood between you and riches has been the hole in your pocket that you could have sewed up if you had only recognized the fatal flaw in your own character.

Perhaps your greatest defect is a high temper. That has stood between you and success in business a hundred times. It has kept you from advancement because a high-tempered man or woman can not be trusted not to spill the beans in some moment of rage. It has kept you from executive positions because those who can not control themselves can never control others.

Worse still, it has ruined your home life. Your wife and children appreciate your good qualities, but they do not love you because they are afraid of your rages. If you are a woman your husband dreads to put his key in the latch at night. Home to him means just one scene after another, and when you fly into a passion he looks at you with the same disgust in his soul that he would feel if he saw you drunk, wallowing in the gutter.

Your husband and children may know that you love them well enough to die for them, and that you may have every other virtue under the sun, but if you give way to your temper they think of you as nothing but a shrew and a viper.

Let us consider our defects. And correct them. (Copyright, 1918, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

WHEELER CONGRATULATES BRITISH PRIME MINISTER

LONDON, Nov. 18. (British Wireless Service.)—President Wilson has sent the following message to David Lloyd George, the British prime minister: "May I express my sincere admiration of the admirable temper and purpose of your address of the 12th, just reproduced in part in our papers. It is delightful to be made aware of such community of thought and counsel in approaching the high and difficult task now awaiting us."

The speech of Mr. Lloyd George referred to was the one he made last week in which the prime minister said there must be no vindictive peace, but a just peace. In his speech Mr. Lloyd George emphasized the added importance of a league of nations and declared that victory should be an impetus to reform.



On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton

Clean coal is advised by the coal administration. "Our coal arrived clean," adds Henry Stern, "but it soon began to show the janitor's finger marks."

A statistical fiend has discovered that if a tank the size of a dreadnought were built and filled with beer, New York city would empty it every day. For that reason we understand that it will not be done.

MR. MANHATTAN.

Down to the office at half-past eight

Every day—

Same old way.

Scheming schemes and measures "great."

Business, business—never play.

Back to the 'partment at six his fate,

Every night—

Wan and white.

Hands hard earnings to his mate—

Grub, bed—that's all right.

—Walter Pulitzer.

A Kansas City man named his new baby "Weatherstrip" because it was protecting him from the draft.

No, the war isn't over yet. It will take at least a couple of years to wind up all the barbed wire.

A SHALLOW AUDIENCE.

"When you are seated look around and locate the nearest exit, then, in case of emergency, WALK, don't RUN, to that exit and pass out. The largest audience that was ever in this building was emptied in three minutes."—From a Washington (D. C.) theater program.

At last we know what the "home stretch" means. It means making the average salary cover the week's household expenses.

Old Charlie Leedy says the most terrible typographical error he ever saw was in a paper that left the "I" out of Louise.

Less you isolate a germ

So that he cannot kick or squirm

And travel 'round

And land on folks

And bite 'em

He'll go forth and multiply

And he'll never, never die,

But go on and on and on

Ad infinitum.

A Memphis bride went back to her job in a mill and sent her husband on the honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls. That girl is going to make a successful wife, as Mabel Urner might say.

Another pleasant memory is that two-pound Rocky mountain baked potato that we used to get on the dining car.

What the American people demand is an Un-Hundtional surrender.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

BY K.C.B.

IF IT were mine.
TO PUNISH the Kaiser.
I WOULDN'T prod him.
AND I WOULDN'T strike him.
OR LOCK him up.
OR TAKE him away.
TO SOME barren place.
BUT INSTEAD of that.
I'D FEED him well.
AND KEEP him healthy.
AND LET him live.
FOR YEARS and years.
AND THINK.
AND I can imagine.
THAT AS he thought.
HE MIGHT close his eyes.
AND HEAR the bands.
AND SEE flags come.
AND THEN long lines.
OF THE army he built.
TO PROVE his rule.
"THE BEST word is a blow."
AND I can imagine.
THAT HE might see.
THE QUIET streets.
WHERE THE children played.
IN THE peaceful towns.
AND THE busy streets.
WHERE THE men who toiled.
WENT ON their way.
AND I can imagine.
HE'D HEAR again.
THE APPLAUSE that came.
WHEN THEIR ruler passed.
AND SO he'd dream.
AND HIS dream would change.
AND THE bands would cease.
AND HIS army would fade.
AND A mist would come.
AND OUT of the mist.
THE SPECTER of death.
WOULD BID him look.
AND WHEREVER he looked.

WOULD BE long lines.
OF SOLDIER graves.
AND GHOSTLIKE things.
WOULD POINT to him.
AND HE'D turn away.
TO THE quiet streets.
WHERE THE children played.
AND THERE'D be no play.
AND THE cheeks that were red.
WOULD BE sunken cheeks.
AND MARKED with tears.
FOR SOME one gone.
AND NEVER come back.
AND HE'D go then.
TO THE busy streets.
THAT HE had known.
AND INSTEAD of cheers.
THEY WOULD leer at him.
AND DRIVE him on.
AND SO he would dream.
AND HE'D hear his own voice.
AND HE'D hear himself say.
THERE WAS but one law.
AND HE was the law.
AND THEN he might laugh.
AS A maniac laughs.
AND GO on his way.
WITH HIS dreams.
AND HIS ghosts.
AND SO he would live.
TILL THE finger of death.
SHOULD TURN the key.
OF HIS prison cell.
AND SET him free.



I THANK you.

Twice Told Tales

25 Years Ago. 10 Years Ago.

NOVEMBER 18, 1893.
The United States warships Chicago and Bennington have arrived at Genoa, Italy, on their tour of the Mediterranean.

The American cruiser Columbia, racing 22.31 knots per hour, successfully passed her official test yesterday. President Grover Cleveland has practically decided to allow the natives of Hawaii the freedom of a republic, rather than restore the queen to her throne.

Memphis is being infested by a great number of fakers and tramps. The concert for the benefit of the Lyceum theater, burned a few days ago, will be held tomorrow night at the Auditorium.

Included among the Memphis arrivals from visits this week are the Messrs. Georgia and Clara Weisker, and Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wilson. Gen. A. J. Vaughan has gone to Arkansas on his relatives.

Max Thornton Samuels announces the approaching marriage of his daughter, Miss Kathleen, to Audrey Jackson Wilcox, on Dec. 25.

NOVEMBER 18, 1908.
The Wabash Screen Door company burned here last night, with a loss of \$12,000, the fire is believed to be incendiary.

It is reported that the Chinese emperor and empress were murdered in order for the Chinese prime to obtain the aid of the United States fleet, which is nearby, against Japan.

A brilliantly arranged wedding ceremony united Miss Sarah Stuart Macrae and Frank M. Crump Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, at the First Presbyterian church.

About 500 delegates of the National Hardware association are attending the Memphis convention at the Gayoso hotel.

The battleship Nebraska, during target practice at Manila, broke all previous records with her 12-inch guns.

THEATERS.

LOEW'S LYCEUM Theater

Continuous 1 to 11 p.m.
The Show Today Is One of Excellence.

"WHAT WOMAN CAN DO."

A Clever Combination of Vaudeville Specialties.
Peck & McIntyre

A "Black Ace" and a "Blooming" Britisher Have Some Conversation.

OTHER LOEW ACTS
—and—
Dorothy Gish & Geo. Fawcett

"The Hun Within"

A Picture That Aroused Yesterday's Audiences to the Highest Pitch of Enthusiasm.

MATINEES 10c-15c NIGHTS 10c-20c-30c

Opheum

Carl Jörn
Distinguished Tenor,
Formerly of Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Marie Nordstrom
—and—
"LET'S PRETEND."

W. L. Thorne & Co.
—and—
"THE NOTORIOUS DELPHINE."

Other Feature Acts.

BEETHOVEN CLUB

Presents
ROSALIE MILLER
Soprano.

Augusta Cottlow
Pianist.

TUESDAY, NOV. 19th, 8:15 P.M.
GOODWYN INSTITUTE.

Tickets—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, including War Tax.

Seat Sale and Reservation Nov. 18th and 19th. O. K. Houck Piano Co.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

To The News Scimitar:

I wish to commend you for your editorial in the 14th issue, under the heading, "Time to Return to Democratic Form of Government in America." It is one of vital importance to us and should be taken with all seriousness at this time. The quicker this is done the sooner our national prosperity will begin.

Our form of government of free people, so let us not drift into gloating of power from victory, which sometimes leads into lust for more power. Business has suffered much during the past few months and it is hoped now it will be given a rest, and be permitted to take its place and produce the taxes which will be expected for the retreating of the national debt.

Again assuring you of the appreciation of your timely editorial, I am very respectfully yours,
HARRIS J. NELSON,
Humboldt, Tenn.

BACK TO DEMOCRACY.

To The News Scimitar:

We have read with a great deal of interest your editorial of the 14th, "Time to Return to Democratic Form of Government in America," and wish to commend you heartily for same. You have expressed not only our sentiments, but those of our neighbors, and we believe no doubt that you have spoken the sentiments of a large percentage of the population of the entire country.

We hope that your lead will be followed by others and that the cry will reach Washington in such volume that we will quickly and truly return to democratic form of government.

We are inclosing herewith check to renew our subscription to your paper. Trusting that you may keep the good work up, we are yours truly,
W. M. SMITH & CO.,
Birdseye, Ark.

MOVING PICTURES.

Loew's Princess

Continuous 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.
TODAY AND TOMORROW
David Belasco's Stage Version of "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

A Motion Picture Masterpiece, With Mabel Van Buren, Theodore Roberts, House Peters and Anita King.

Lyons-Moran Comedy, "THE VAMP-CURE." All Seats 10c including War Tax. Wed.-Thurs.—Pauline Frederick in "Fedora."